

THE BACKPACK

ALL THE COMFORTS ARE FOUND ST. MICHEL SALIENT AMERICANS, CAPTURING TOWNS, FIND GERMAN TRENCHES EQUIPPED

Quarters Are Elaborately Furnished With Splendid Furniture and Drapery; Trenches Are Concrete, With Electric Lights and Running Water; Bowling Alley and Swimming Pool Are Officers' Adjuncts.

With the American Army in the field, Oct. 26.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press).—All the comforts of home with some added luxuries, were found in the dugouts and living quarters which the Germans were forced to abandon when the American troops smashed through the St. Michel salient and took the territory which the German army had occupied for four years.

Running water, electric lights, steam heat, tennis courts, bowling alleys, swimming pools, pianos and wine cellars were some of the up to date conveniences which Uncle Sam's "moppers up" that followed on the heels of the rushing American soldiers found in some of the quarters of the German officers.

Have Shell Proof Shelters. The more elaborate quarters were located in the thickly set woods which abound in this part of France. Most of them represented the work of four years. The majority of them were of elaborate rustic construction and were well equipped with furniture and decorations taken from the French habitations of neighboring villages formed the principal interior equipment.

One of the most unique of these officers' quarters was located in the village of Metz, about 20 miles from Metz. There were two tiers of rooms with broad balconies

SLIPPERS CHASE TOWNS, LOOKING FOR A CIGARET

Tobacco Famine Causes Keen Distress in Paris and Outlying Towns.

EVEN SOLDIERS
SHY OF SMOKES

By ROBERT A. DOMAN.

PARIS, France, Oct. 26.—The ramshackle of megalots have started an offensive on American officers.

On both banks of the boulevards American elements are harassed day and night. Both their flanks and rear are constantly exposed to sniping.

This sniping is of a most annoying kind. Instances have come to the attention of the French authorities, witnesses of the occurrences, were clear butts have been sniped from the hands of American officers.

The tobacco crisis is the cause of it all. Whereas the first American battalion which marched through Paris a year ago, 14th of July, could purchase "ninas," or small cigars, for two and three cents, now they only clear to be had cost 20 cents for the very cheapest—up to 35 cents.

Go To Sniping. The result has been that the cigar and cigarette butts are sniped from the main arteries of Paris day and night. They are up with the dawn, after the women sidewalk sweepers have whisked the last smokes into the gutter.

During the day the cafes on the grand boulevards are carefully guarded by dozens of cigar butt hunters who growl at every man with something to smoke in his face. Porters, gentlemen, with equally fat purses, declare that their lives are in danger these dark nights. It is said that a good cigar is sometimes followed by a bullet.

At night the situation is even more desperate. Daily flights between rival ramshackle occur in the gutters. Throwing of cigar butts is a common sight. Recently, a committee of information recently, Parliamentary committees and certain newspapers reveal a consuming hunger to know just what the ministry is, what it is doing, and at what cost.

From the American point of view the remarkable thing in all the sniping and comment to date is that no one seems to have discovered the obvious fact. The ministry has had such a rapid growth, overflow duties have been dumped into its basket in such numbers and its functions have been extended in so many different directions that it would be a startling thing if even its energetic head, Lord Beaverbrook, knew all the chicks in his flock.

All inquiries to the ministry of information, hardly a day passes without a letter to the ministry of information, but some inquiry, started in a far-away section of some ministry or department, is never answered. The ministry of information is not a ministry of information, it is a ministry of information.

At a small town near Paris recently a tugboat carrying a large quantity of tobacco and other goods, was sunk in the river and was drowned. He left a note stating that life was no longer bearable. The tugboat was not a tugboat, it was a tugboat.

Everywhere one goes the same complaint is heard. Why does the French government come to an arrangement with the American government to give the latter a state monopoly of the tobacco industry in France?

The real answer which could be made now, proceeded Lord Robert, with one foot resting on a fireplace, "would be to put into operation a plan which would make it impossible for nations to go to war until there had been a public discussion of all matters in controversy."

"Something like that," responded Lord Robert, "is the only way to make a feeling exists here, and I hope in America, among the people that some workable plan be found."

"Do you think, Lord Robert, that it would be a mistake to force a democracy upon Germany?" a correspondent asked.

"Yes, I do. It would be wrong to force any kind of government upon any one, especially a high spirited nation like the Anglo-Saxon race. I certainly do think that democracy is the best form of government."

LODGE DOBTS SUCCESS OF LEAGUE'S PORTABLE

Heartily Endorses League of Nations Plan But Thinks Most Important Questions Must Be Decided Unanimously; Economic Pressure Can Be Made Sufficient to Hold the Nations in Line, He Believes.

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 26.—Lord Robert Cecil, assistant foreign secretary of the British empire, has tea and sees American correspondents on Friday at 5 o'clock.

Imagine a fellow as lean as a rail, about six feet two inches tall, slightly stooped and with a partially bald head—acutely noticeable because you have to look up at him—and you've a thumb-nail sketch of Lord Robert. He's jovial, doesn't take himself too seriously, although undoubtedly one of the keenest diplomats in Europe.

One of Lord Robert's enthusiasms is a league of nations. He's probably done more thinking about the league of nations than any other statesman of his time. He's down to bed rock on the proposition and he wants to further some sort of a plan which will work. He doesn't want an ornamental league of nations. He wants one which will make the business it is intended for immediately peace is established.

When the correspondents and Lord Robert find general news is uninteresting, they discuss the "five" and "six" of the much talked about but little understood idea to make war more difficult after the present horror ends.

Can't Work By Majorities. After shaking hands all around Lord Robert settled back in his red-leather upholstered chair with a dowdy hat, and said that it was only a few seconds before the secretary was sitting down. He said that he had been back in the chair, sipping tea, one leg draped over the other, answering questions or giving his private opinions freely.

"I'm doubtful if you ever can have a league of nations which will work by majorities," said Lord Robert. "The United States should alter its policy as regards Mexico. Do you think it would abide by the league's decision? I doubt it. Likewise regarding Ireland. Do you suppose Great Britain would abide by the league's decision on the Irish question? I hardly think so."

"Decisions of a league of nations would be a great deal of doubt by what we call practical men for any scheme of a league of nations. But I am quite sure that a feeling exists here, and I hope in America, among the people that some workable plan be found."

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Poet D'Annunzio Is Great Air Fighter His Poems Thrill and His Bombs Kill

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 26.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press).—The air exploits of Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, novelist and dramatist, have taken a strong hold on the British public's imagination, and he is acclaimed here as one of the world's foremost figures in aerial warfare. The London papers, which recently have been devoting considerable space to the daring Italian, express surprise that a man of his age and temperament was able to make so remarkable a success as an aviator.

Now expected, the Daily Express says, that the "dandy Roman" poet would become an air fighter after passing his 50th birthday.

Above all, it is related out, he is a man of the people. He has been known to all the world, but few outside Italy realize that he has been the greatest public orator of his country since the war began.

Swedish Restaurants Too High Save For Rich

Stockholm, Sweden, Oct. 26.—Restaurant prices have reached such proportions that only very wealthy people can afford to eat in the restaurants of the better class, and even in second and third class places it is difficult to eat properly at a price within the reach of the person of modest means.

The Dagbladet publishes a list of the profits of 21 restaurants for the year 1917. The average profit was 125 per cent. The highest was 250 per cent.

AUSTRIAN GENERAL GOES TO THE FRONT IN AN AIRPLANE. Amsterdam, Holland, Oct. 26.—To conduct Austrian army operations in Albania, Gen. von Pflanzer-Baltin, who is in command there, went to the front recently by airplane. The distance flown was about 500 miles.

TROOPS MARCH CONFIDENTLY INTO BATTLE, EAGER TO HIT THE BARBAROUS BOCHE AGAIN



FILLED WITH ENTHUSIASM OVER THEIR GAINS SINCE AUGUST, THE BRITISH TROOPS NOW GO INTO BATTLE, NOT GRIMLY, BUT GLADLY. THEY ARE SURE OF VICTORY AND WELCOME EVERY CHANCE TO GET IN ANOTHER PUNISHING BLOW ON THE BOCHE. THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS A COLUMN OF TROOPS ON THE MARCH TOWARD THE FRONT LINES IN PREPARATION FOR THE NEXT BATTLE. THE MEN ARE UNDER FULL PACK, BUT ARE MARCHING IN STEP AND IN CAREFUL ALIGNMENT. NEAR THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN ARE CAMIONS FILLED WITH SUPPLIES. COMING TOWARD THE CAMERA IS A DISPATCH BEARER ON HIS WAY BACK.

British Press Bureau Works Hard Has All Kinds Of Jobs Handed It By Other Government Departments

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 26.—The British Press Bureau is under a great deal of strain. It is a series of attacks and investigations similar to the probe of the American press bureau. It is an acquired function, for the most part, apparently unthoughtful. Any question as to the public interest, regarding what it is to the interest of the cause to make public, sooner or later is likely to be referred to Norfolk street.

The original assignment of handling propaganda in neutral countries and colonies has been added. Lord Northcliffe directs this, and the British press bureau has been appointed to represent the United States in this effort.

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SECRETARY CARRIES PACK ON HIS BACK LIKE SOLDIERS DO SAYS FRENCH LOAD IS HEAVY, AND HE RESPECTS THE FRENCH

American Secretary of War Mingles With Enlisted Men at Camps He Visits, Swapping Tobacco With Them and Dining at Their Mess; Goes Into Hospitals and Gives Cheery Messages to the Wounded Soldiers.

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 26.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press).—Enlisted men of the American army grinned sympathetically as they watched the American secretary of war, Newton D. Baker, trudging back and forth carrying the heavy pack of the American soldier on his back when he visited a camp of American soldiers in the Winchester district while in England. The men were adjusting their cumbersome kits when the secretary arrived at the camp.

"I would like to try one of them," said the secretary to a sergeant.

Notable Watch Him. The lord mayor of Winchester, the camp commandant and a group of soldiers all gathered about as Mr. Baker lifted the pack and adjusted it to his shoulders. Then he trudged back and forth two or three times carrying the 70 pound load while a pair of heavy hob-nailed trench boots swung from the bottom of the kit, banged against his legs.

It's heavy, all right, he commented as he unburdened himself, "but not so heavy as the Frenchman's pack. I tried one of them on a few days ago and gave an additional respect for the Frenchman as a soldier."

Mixes With Soldiers. The secretary made himself at home and was friendly with the soldiers. Everywhere he carried his pipe and several times filled it from some soldier's pouch as he engaged in a casual chat with the men. The whole country in behind him with everything it possessed, was one of his frequent messages to the fighting men. In the Red Cross hospitals the secretary went through the wards and had a few cheery words for each of the patients.

Lunches With Men. In some of the camps he dropped in upon the soldiers at mess time and lunched with the big crowd of them in the mess tent beside a little woodland stream. He looked through scores of barracks and living quarters. He inspected kitchens and spent ten minutes watching soldiers playing a scrum game of baseball. His inspection of the Red Cross activities was comprehensive. He saw the halting houses in operation with long lines of rain coated soldiers waiting their turn at the showers. He saw the dental hut, with the British dental boys at their work. He visited several Red Cross recreation huts and listened to the Red Cross jazz bands at practice.

Finde Cousin, A Non Com. At one camp he found his cousin, Sgt. Harry Crowell of Cleveland, and chatted with him for ten minutes. Altogether the secretary gained an excellent impression of what the American army authorities have done in preparing comfortable and sanitary camps for the soldiers in the Winchester district, south of London, in preparation for the winter.

DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT DISPLAYED BY YANKS IMPRESSES FRENCH In Some Respects French Discipline Is More Rigid Than That of Americans, While in Others, Yanks Have More Severe Discipline, Says French Veteran in Making Comparison of the Different Armies.

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 26.—Quintus, a French veteran, says in a letter sent to one of the officers at the United States navy headquarters by a fellow officer in France. The letter was written by a Frenchman to a brother.

French and Americans were grouped together in a certain section for many weeks. The Frenchman was greatly impressed by the generosity of the Americans and by their extreme courtesy and gallantry to the women of the country.

The first burst of admiration was occasioned by a Yankee soldier's treatment of a mule—a good old Malsau, whose name was seldom heard in France.

The American soldiers here are very young, says the Frenchman. "My grandfatherly air puzzled them a great deal, but when I told them there were 40 to 45 years they could not understand it."

Their conception of discipline up to a little. It would be too complicated to explain to you here, from what I have been able to see, and according to what I have heard, what distinguishes it from ours. Here is a story:

Death of the Mule. The other day an American driver was trotting his four mules down a rapid slope. The brake snapped and the animal ran away. Skillfully the man directed his cart toward a wood; one mule was crushed against a tree and fell; the cart stopped. Calmly the driver got down from his seat, felt the fallen animal, judged that it was dead, and then tranquilly got out his revolver, finishing the animal and quietly continuing his road.

He said that he had seen the faces of our men who were witnesses of this incident who would have laughed, they spoke about it for several days and have not got over it yet. No, but can you see a similar thing happening with us? There would have been some reports and accounts of the incident and responsible parties to discover. The Americans were satisfied with burying the mule which was evidently the simplest solution, particularly as all the reports in the world would not have brought it back to life.

First Fire First Served. "My relief sergeant was minutely exacting in the distribution of meals to the reserve company, Black man presents himself at the movable kitchen, and the sergeant takes his turn officers included. The latest arrival, even if he be the captain, is served first. The sergeant says for me to comment on the fact to an old soldier like you. As for myself, I find it admirable."

Germans Have Laid Waste Great Forests In Russia. Amsterdam, Holland, Oct. 26.—Irretrievable damage has been wrought by the Germans in the forests of Poland, Austria, professor Masserich at Cracow. In Warsaw province alone, the German governor has confiscated one third of the forest lands within his jurisdiction, or more than 500,000 acres. Lithuania and White Russia have suffered even more, especially the virgin forests of Belarussia, which cover an area of 200,000 square miles and are estimated to be worth \$200,000,000. These forests have been cut up by the Germans.

Belgian King Is Indifferent to Shells Guides French Premier Through Ruins

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 26.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press).—King Albert of Belgium, and premier Clemenceau of France, were apparently so indifferent to shell fire to which they were exposed while the premier was visiting the Belgian front recently as to arouse the admiration of the Belgian soldiers.

One of them describes the incident thus: "The scene is laid among the ruins of a part of the Belgian front daily shattered by shells, bombs, or aerial torpedoes. The street parallel to the church a little group of persons are walking. A tall black figure

seems to be guiding a civilian and some French soldiers. The Belgian general wanders listlessly up and down, answering questions and giving explanations to his guests. From every direction we hear a shout with curiosity.

"Suddenly a whistle, an explosion and a burst of smoke, but 20 yards from the visitors. Not one of them takes any notice! Another whistle, another explosion. The Belgian general, the civilian and their suite have not turned their heads, merely continue their walk as slowly as before. While the fire continues, the visitors are getting nearer our digout and we stand at attention."

"The Belgian general is King Albert, the civilian, M. Clemenceau."